Popery plain Foppery:

OR, THE

EXCELLENCY

OF THE

Protestant Religion,

In Opposition to

POPERY.

A *POEM*, Written by Sir *W. V.* Baronet.

Licensed, and Entred according to Act of Parliament.

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THE EXCELLENCY OF THE Proteſtant Religion.

I Blunder forth no *Quirks*, nor captious Theams,
No *trivial Toyes*, nor fond laſcivious Dreams;
Nor buzz the honeſt Reader in the Ear
With *Miracles* were done I know not where;
But much do blame our *Carnal-witted* Brood,
Who *loath* to *taſte* of *Intellectual Food*,
Yet *Surfeit* on old *Tales* of *Robin Hood*;
The Wonders of the Well of *Winnifride*,
Which holy Friars have ſo often try'd;
Of *Patrick*'s Broils, or of St. *George*'s Lance;
Of Errant Knights, or of the *Fairy* Dance;
Or *Arthur*'s *Knights*, or the *twelve Peers* of *France*;

How

156 How *Dunſtan* catch't the Devil by the *Noſe*,
With thouſands of abſurder Lyes than thoſe:
How *Patrick* kill'd, five hundred years before,
Thouſands of *Iriſh Kernes* by charmed lore;
How *David* did a mighty Mountain move,
And by his Word the maſſy Earth remove:
With many more, to gull the multitude,
Which the *True Church* accounts both falſe and rude:
But whilſt ſuch *idle Tales* about are hurl'd,
I'll ſing the *beſt Religion* in the World:
That which is *pure*, of God's *bright Spirit* born,
And grieves to ſee Chriſt's Seamleſs Garment torn,
Or parted from the *Faſhion Primitive*,
But, as the *Goſpel teaches*, ſtrives to *live*:
And flies vain Dreams, which oft inchant the Senſe
From worſhipping the God-head's *Excellence*.
She ſlights the Tales of *Poets* ſtrange Vagaries,
Vows made to *Saints*, and needleſs *Ave Maries*:
And whilſt ſome ſteal to paths unknown, or ſtray
To ſtranger Coaſts, She goes the ſureſt way,

For

For fear of *Wolves*, or what may elſe betide
A man that loſeth Chriſt, his ſureſt Guide.
While ſome in *Tongue unknown* like *Parrots* chat,
And ask of God by *rote* they know not what;
Our *Churches Babes* do pray in *Chriſt* his Name
For what they want, and He doth grant the ſame
For his dear ſake, who pleads for Humane Race,
While they with underſtanding crave his grace;
And having gain'd their Suit, they ſing his praiſe
With cheerful hearts, new Tongues and thankful Layes;
Not grounding Faith on *Saints* Pluralities,
On *Angels*, *Powers*, or *Principalities*;
Acknowledging no *Advocate* but one,
But build their Faith upon the *Corner-ſtone*,
Exploding School-mens dreams, hypocriſies,
Souls Merchandize, and winding Fallacies;
But preaching of Chriſt's Goſpel, ſtrive to free
Poor Captive Souls from Sin and Slavery.
But as of old the Poets did approve
The leſſer Gods as Advocate to *Jove*,

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And by the like diſtinctions in the Schools
Would them create ſubordinated Fools,
Or Courtiers of th' *Olympian* Majeſty,
To intercede or aid *Mortality*,
To which they kneel'd in various Idol ſhapes,
Like *Babel's* Head of Gold, Calves, Cats, or Apes;
So *Babels babling Daws* Saints help exact:
St. *Margaret Lucina's* part muſt act;
St. *Anthony* relieves them of the Pox,
With Reliques, charms fetch'd from old *Balaam's* box.
For the *Twin-brother* gods they conſecrate
St. *Nicholas* at Sea their Advocate:
St. *Euſtace* muſt uphold the Forreſt game,
For which old *Pagans* us'd *Dianas* Name;
With a huge Club St. *Chriſtopher* they pleaſe,
As thoſe old Heathens painted *Hercules:*
Yea, every place poſſeſſed *Tutelars*,
Small Gods to eaſe them of their *heavy cares*;
Juno helpt *Carthage*, *Mars Rome*, *Pallas Greece*,
Ceres bleſt Corn, *Pan* Sheep, *Pomona* Trees:

So

So *Dennis France*, *George England*, *Jago Spain*,
And the like Saints to guard all Coaſts they feign.
The *Scots* were all of good St. *Andrews* ward,
Ireland of *Patrick*'s, *Wales* of *David*'s guard;
Unto St. *Mark* the bold *Venetian* bends,
And he that *Venice* wrongs with *Mark* contends;
But above all, St. *Peter* bears the Bell,
He *Rome* protects, and *Rome* muſt all excell:
Numa's *Egeria Peter* hath ſuppreſt,
With *Romulus* Saint *Peter* did conteſt;
Nay, *Peter*'s Keys the *Eagle* bruis'd, therefore
St. *Peter*'s Chair at *Rome* all muſt adore.
Concerning other Points of *Faith*'s abuſe,
As *Purgatory's* pain, falſe *Idols* uſe;
Courting the *Saints*, to *Chriſt*'s apparent wrong;
Gods *ſacred Word* kept from the *Vulgar Tongue*;
Additions to the *Maſs*, the *Papal* Keys,
And Prieſts *debarr'd of Wives*; Let him that weighs
The Dreams of *Balaams Prieſts*, this Paſſage know,
Pride made the *Pope* a *Simon Magus* grow,

Boldly

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Boldly to ſell the Spirit's Gifts for gain,
In ſundry wiſe, as Hiſtory makes Plain.
Indulgences, and *Maſſes* many a ſcore
For *Money* bought and ſold, what would you more?
But who *no Money hath* cannot obtain
One *Maſs* to ſave from Purgatories pain.
Yet a true Church *Rome* fain would ſtill be thought,
Though little elſe but *Fraud* is in her wrought:
But let us leave *her* and *her gloſing* words,
And call to mind what *Scripture* well records,
That ſhe ſhall ſee how many Potentates
Will flinch from her, and free themſelves and States;
And likewiſe hear One with a dreadful Tone
Proclaim the fall of *Whoriſh Babylon.*

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FINIS.